H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter,
TO ALL PARTS of the WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, Cross St., and 2, VICTORIA ST. (late of the Arcade.)

Vol. III.—No. 121. MANCHESTER, Saturday, DECEMBER 3rd. Price One Penny.

TEA.
THIS YEAR'S GROWTH,
VIA SUEZ CANAL,
AT
J. F. MART'S
Establishments,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SALFORD
110, Borough Buildings, London Road;
AND
62, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.
Congou .....2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, rich Pekoe-flavour, 3s. & 3s. 4d.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

D. WARD,
BOOTMAKER,
34, DEANSGATE.
Manufacturer of the Reg. Shooting Boot.

DAVIES'S
DAY HOTEL, AND RESTAURANT,
2, ROOK ST., YORK ST.,
OFF MOSLEY STREET.
DINING, LUNCHEON, AND SMOKING ROOMS, CHOICE WINES, LONDON STOUT, AND BURTON ALES.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
The EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS being now COMPLETE,
THE STAR CLOTHING
ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 87, OLDHAM STREET,
IS NOW OPEN,
With an entirely New and Extensive Stock of CHEAP and FASHIONABLE MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING.
STAR CLOTHING
ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 87, OLDHAM STREET,
JOHN JACOBS, Proprietor.

BRANDY.
A very general impression prevails among the people of this country that Brandy is distilled by the Merchants abroad who ship it to this country, and whose names have in the popular mind become synonymous with the words, "Cognac Brandy."
A very short explanation will show how totally without foundation this impression is. Brandy is really made by the numerous large and small proprietors of vineyards around Cognac, in the Charente Inferieure, who in the first instance make their grapes into wine and as soon as the fermentation has ceased, set to work and distil the wine, the spirit from which is the fine Brandy of Commerce. Immediately after the distillation is completed, the Brandy is purchased in large quantities by the Cognac merchants, who ship it to the various markets for which they have orders. The farmers take their Brandy to market just as farmers here do their corn, and, as a rule, vie with each other in their endeavours to get a name for quality, and each acts on his judgment in selling, some selling at once, some preferring to hold over and sell it when old, and some doing both. A great quantity of each year's produce is purchased in this country and brought over at once, and kept in bond till such time as it is wanted for use. It is a mistake the public make to suppose that because Brandy is bottled in France, and bears this name or that, it is therefore better or older than what respectable merchants sell in England. That which comes in bottle is precisely the same quality of Brandy as that which comes in cask, and, as a rule, it is sent younger and costs more, owing to extra expenses, than what regular merchants in England put up themselves, as they keep it in bond till fully matured. We advise the public to place no confidence whatever on the mere putting up of the article in bottle in France, but to BUY VALUE and NOT NAME.
We can give the very Finest
OLD COGNAC BRANDY
at
52s. PER DOZEN,
26s. PER GALLON,
and confidently ask comparison with Case Brandy of any shipper at 60s. to 72s. per dozen.
For Cooking and Preserving purposes we can give a pure young French Brandy at
36s. PER DOZEN,
18s. PER GALLON.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
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LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD STREET.
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CONTAINING
Fifteen Grains pure Bicarbonate of Potass in each Bottle,
As prescribed by the British Pharmacopœia.
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SOLD BY MOST CHEMISTS OF STANDING.
Wholesale only by J. H. Cuff late S. Thompstone
MANCHESTER.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL & REDUCTION IN PRICES.
THE WHEELER & WILSON
SEWING MACHINE CO.
HAVE REMOVED from 22, Oldham Street, to those CENTRAL and COMMODIOUS PREMISES,
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Where the Public are respectfully requested to call and inspect their new
"SILENT-WORKING" SEWING MACHINES.
In announcing a Great Reduction in Prices, the Company refer with gratification to past achievements. Twenty years' devotion to perfecting the Sewing Machine, and adapting it to social wants, now enable them to produce Machines at such a price as to bring them within the reach of all classes; and they are confident of still further meriting an increase in Public Favour, already so fully accorded, as is proved by the regularly-increasing sales, now upwards of 80,000 Machines per annum; and they beg to assure the Public at all times of the best that Mechanical Skill and Genius can produce.
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☞ Easy terms of payment arranged, when not convenient to pay full amount.
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Sole and exclusive Depot for MANCHESTER.

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REAL SABLE MUFFS, ONE GUINEA.
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RUSSIAN FUR SEAL JACKETS, SIX GUINEAS.
KENDAL MILNE & CO., have ready the LARGEST, CHEAPEST and BEST-ASSORTED STOCK of FURS they have ever submitted.
A Large Assortment of Fashionable FUR TRIMMINGS in Sets for Mantles and Jackets.
FUR CARRIAGE RUGS, IN GREAT VARIETY.
DEANSGATE, POLICE-STREET, and ST. ANN'S ST.

DOWNS' CUT GLASS and CHINA
WAREHOUSE, 13 & 15, SMITHY DOOR, AND VICTORIA MARKET.
We are Now Submitting our CHRISTMAS STOCK of DINNER, DESSERT, TEA, AND TOILET SERVICES. The most Modern Shapes and Newest Patterns.
CUT GLASS DECANTERS, WINES, &c., In Elegant Design and in Every Variety, for all Purchasers.
To Parties Furnishing, this Large Stock is admirably suited to Select from, combining Lowest Prices and Superior Quality.
DOWNS, 13 & 15, SMITHY DOOR.

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STRENGTHENS AND IMPARTS A GLOSS TO THE HAIR,

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REMOVES SCURF AND PREVENTS BALDNESS;

Even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless. Sold in Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each, by Chemists.

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19, HANGING DITCH, MANCHESTER.
109, CHESTER ROAD, HULME, MANCHESTER.

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One of the most remarkable productions of the age.—*British Workman.*

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The Calendar; Astronomical and other Phenomena;
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SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT FOR LANCASHIRE,

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Law Officers, County Courts, &c., in Lancashire; The Diocese of Manchester;
Members of Parliament for Lancashire;
Colleges and Public Schools of the County; Town Councils, Local Boards, &c.;
List of Fairs in Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire.

The whole forming the Best, Most Complete, Most Useful, and Cheapest Almanack ever Published.

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MANCHESTER.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Co., Limited.

The Eminent Comedian.

MR. SOTHERN,

Assisted by MISS AMY ROSELLE.

THIS (Friday) EVENING, Saturday, and Monday, DAVID GARRICK

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, HOME.

Friday, BENEFIT of MR. SOTHERN.

Saturday, LAST APPEARANCE of MR. SOTHERN.

In preparation, a Wild Absurdity, entitled A THREEPENNY BIT.

Royal Queen's Theatre, Bridge St.

Immense Success of

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

To-night at Seven, and Every Evening until further notice,

THE COLLEEN BAWN;

Concluding with

MY PRESERVER.

Box Office open from Eleven to Two.

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FREE TRADE HALL ASSEMBLY ROOM,

EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT.
SATURDAYS AT THREE AND EIGHT.

The fashionable and delighted audiences that have thronged the above commodious and beautiful Hall during the past week have awarded the palm of excellency to that truly-celebrated Artiste,

FREDERIC MACCABE

Whose Illimitable Success is the fruit of GENIUS and TALENT

"BEGONE DULL CARE" is a Glorious Success. Every *Impersonation* and *Song* is received at each representation with acclamation.

The same Grand Programme, sparkling with WIT and MELODY, will be repeated at every Performance.

GRAND ILLUMINATED PERFORMANCE Every SATURDAY at Three o'clock. Doors open at 2-30.

N.B.—"Begone Dull Care" is given at every Matinee precisely as at Night, and was notably the leading mid-day attraction in London for Families and Schools during Frederic Maccabe's season of twelve months at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Admission, 1s., Reserved Seats, 2s.; a few Fauteuils, 3s.; Third Seats, 6d. Tickets to be had and places secured at the Ticket Office, Free Trade Hall, daily, from ten till four.

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Every Monday, Wednesday & Saturday.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE,
NO EXTRA CHARGE.

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PETER STREET, MANCHESTER

Sole Lessees - - - J. & W. S. BOOTH.

This (FRIDAY) and To-morrow (SATURDAY) Evening, Last Nights of Mr. HENRI CLARK, the "Sam Cowell" of the Period. Monday next, GEORGE LEYBOURNE, the Lion Comique. NEW COMIC BALLET SKETCH, entitled "BOBBY BUTTERFLY; or, HASBERRY HOWARD IN A FIX." Supported by Messrs. HOWARD, FRENCH, LANGLEY, and BARNES; Misses ROSINA and JESSIE, and efficient Corps de Ballet. Return of Mr. ROBERT GREEN, the eminent Baritone, from the Royal Alhambra Palace, London. The BROTHERS MORTIMER, the celebrated Burlesque Duettists. First Appearance of LITTLE AMALIA, the clever Burlesque Actress and Serio-comic Vocalist.—Numerous other Artists.

Doors open at 7-30, commence at 8. Saturdays, half an hour earlier.

Admission, Body of Hall, 1s.; Galleries, 6d.

J. Mc. CAMBRIDGE, General Manager.

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LOWER MOSLEY STREET.

On MONDAY, Dec. 5th, 1870, the following Company will Appear:

Immense Success and enthusiastic reception of Mr. DAVIES, the Premier Ventriloquist of the World in his celebrated Entertainment entitled, "Anecdotes and Adventures of the Funniest of Funny Folks" in which he introduces his last great novelty, the Wonderful Talking Bird, in conjunction with the world-renowned Tommy and Joey. Engagement of the celebrated CHANTRELL FAMILY, including the wondrous CARL and DIPPLE, whose astonishing Performances must be seen to be believed. Engagement of Mr. WILLIAM TOWNLEY, the only Lancashire Dialect Vocalist and Reciter on the Concert Hall Stage. Engagement of MADAME TRELL'S and her celebrated Troupe of Female Acrobats, in their marvellous Performances. Immense reception of BAILEY'S PRIZE PUNCH and JUDY, and the Champion Dog "Toby." Engagement of Mr. and Mrs. FOLLOY, the Rollicking Sensational Irish Comic Duettists and Excelsior Duettists. The HARLOW FAMILY, in their Negro Comicalities.

Director of the Entertainments - - - Mr. T. ACTON.

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17s. 6d.	BEST DOWN QUILTS,	20s.	0d.
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First and Second Class Ordinary RETURN TICKETS issued by all Trains to London (King's Cross Station) from Stations where they may usually be obtained, on Saturday, 3rd December, and intervening days, will be available for return on any day up to and including Saturday, 10th December.

A CHEAP EXCURSION
TO
LONDON,
(KING'S CROSS STATION)

Will run as under,

On MONDAY, 5th DECEMBER,

Returning from King's Cross at 11-0 a.m. on Friday, 9th December.

Stations.	Time.	Fares to London (King's Cross) and Back.	
	a.m.	Cov Car	First Cl.
MANCHESTER (London Road) ..... dep	10 10	15/-	25/-
OLDHAM (Clegg Street) ,,	9 40		
STALYBRIDGE ..... ,,	9 55		
ASHTON ..... ,,	9 59		
Dukinfield ..... ,,	10 2		
Hayfield ..... ,,	8 40		
NEW MILLS ..... ,,	8 49		
Marple ..... ,,	8 57		
Hyde ..... ,,	10 12		
GUIDE BRIDGE ..... ,,	10 20		
Godley Junction ..... ,,	10 30		
LONDON (King's Cross) arr. about	p.m. 5 25		

Tickets, Bills, and every information can be had in Manchester, at the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Booking Offices; also at 6, Brown Street (opposite the Post Office); and at the above stations, and usual agents.

London Road Station, Manchester, November, 1870. R. G. UNDERDOWN, Gen. Manager.

PLAIN and FANCY COCOA MATTINGS in all widths and qualities; also a large quantity of SKIN MATS cheap, suitable for Perambulators, &c., at

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WE ARE NOW
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At our TEA ESTABLISHMENTS, at the

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AS UNDER:—

Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
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The Popular Tea for heavy consumption is the one at 3s.
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Our Best Black Tea at 4s. is especially selected for our trade.

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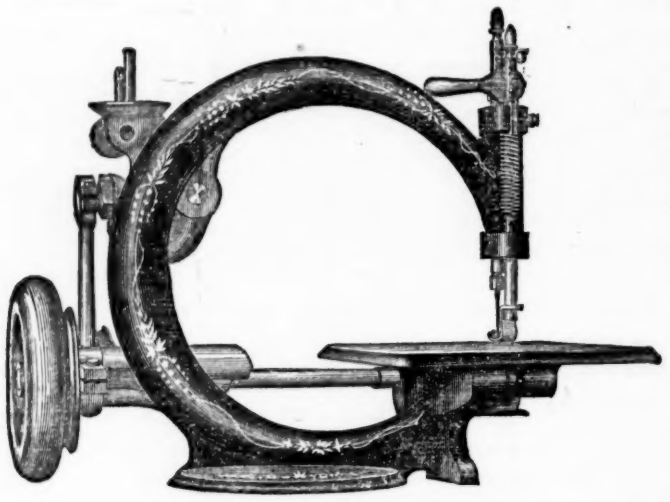

THE PRICE OF THE

WILLCOX & GIBBS'

SILENT

SEWING MACHINE

HAS BEEN

REDUCED TO

£6. 6s.

16, CROSS ST., MANCHESTER.

G. R. ALLINSON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families Supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 and 54a, HIGH STREET, and 13, CHURCH STREET

THE WOMENS' MEETING AT THE TOWN HALL.

THE first column of a daily newspaper is a kind of arabesque of human eccentricity and human earnestness. If it reminds us every morning that life would be tolerable but for its amusements, it may also be said to remind us that amusements might be tolerable but for life. We have always admired the fine tact with which announcements of the most grotesque diversity are arranged, so that you can read them right through and receive scarcely any shock. At the head of the column is generally found the advertisement of the annual meeting of some lugubrious society for promoting ideal virtue in a remote quarter of the globe. Then, perhaps, follows the address of some reckless bazaar, with an air of pious dissipation about it, which seems pleasantly to reconcile the service of religion and the service of Mammon. Next comes a notice to all whom it may concern, to stay away from church, because a brilliant clerical bore is going to preach a charity sermon. Why are charity sermons ever advertised? Does your needy friend warn you of the silvery requisition he is going to levy the next time he has business with you? Oh! sacerdotal friends, is this the wisdom of the serpent? Well, after the charity sermon we probably come to the theatres, which need, if they do not invoke, more charity than any sermon. Here we have farce, here we have drama; and now what could be more natural and artistic than a gloomy dash of tragedy? We have it. Two Corinthian music halls hold out their dreary allurements, their temptations which do not tempt, and seem to argue that even in the 19th century the odd faith in the virtue of the mortification of the flesh is as much alive as ever. In these cloisters you may observe acolytes and novices from Portland Street warehouses wafting incense from meerschaum censers, and pledging everlasting infidelity to naughty little lay sisters, arrayed in splendid varieties of sackcloth, while from the chancel a monk, in evening dress, intones the 48th verse of "Champagne Charley," a dreary psalm of life.

Every day of our lives we glance down this first column of the newspaper, this catalogue of blandishments, to see what new errors are coming into fashion, and what new follies to teach us wisdom, and what new punishments have been invented for our amusement. And thus it happened that one day last week we recognized in these announcements the name of a small but incandescent society whose origin and career we have watched with genuine interest. The Manchester Society for Women's Suffrage is as earnest a little society as any in the world, as earnest as a vixen, and yet there it is oddly enough in this Court Directory to Vanity Fair, and its advertisement is written like any other advertisement, it announces its stars like the music halls below, it gives a list of its stock company like the theatres in its vicinity. We read that Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P., Mrs. Josephine Butler, W. R. Callender, jun., Esq., Dr. Pankhurst, and a host of other favourites, have all consented to appear in their celebrated impersonations, and the play-bill is signed by the spirited and indefatigable proprietor, Miss Lydia Becker. The only difference is, that this advertisement is more discreet than those of the music halls, and does not enter into a full description of each performer's peculiar talents. But then they are so well-known to the audience to which they appeal that it would be a sheer waste of money to enlarge the advertisement. Otherwise it would read something like this:—"On Wednesday afternoon, grand Morning Performance. Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., from the Theatre Royal, Westminster, assisted by Miss Lydia Becker, will play in the new and original comedietta, entitled, *Don Quixote and Dulcinea*. After which, Dr. Pankhurst, the celebrated ventriloquist, will give his entertainment, called, 'Principals only dealt with.' To conclude with W. R. Callender, jun's. drawing-room entertainment, in which he appears in twenty different characters in twenty minutes, without any of the usual accessories, but by simply turning his coat."

Persuaded that this was the most promising entertainment announced, we presented ourselves at the Mayor's Parlour, at the time fixed. And for the solemn enjoyment of a solemn entertainment, no place could be better fitted than this room. Your footsteps are muffled in the soft warm carpet, and you instinctively unhat on entering as if the Mayor with his almoner was holding a prayer meeting for the regeneration of the Irwell. The look of jollity which the Mayor puts on, like a badge of dignity, strikes you with a great awe, and you inwardly own the prerogative of the man who has the right of smiling in so gloomy a place. When, with paternal blandness, he whispers soft nothings into the spectacles of the fussy lady on his left, you are astonished and indignant at the coolness with which she resents his well-intended gallantries. These ladies chafe and fret under gallantry like other women chafe at rudeness. And now there is a great awe on everybody. Mr. Jacob Bright fixes his eyes on the ceiling, strokes his mystic beard tenderly, as if he loved it, and contemplates fresh knight-errantries in silence. Mr. Romaine Callender austerely meditates an indigestible prayer for the Revival Band, or an after-dinner Pomona screamer. The only great man here, too truly great to be over-awed, is Dr. Pankhurst, who deals out to the ladies in turn solemnities from Mill and reassuring passages from antique Acts of Parliament, just as Macaulay or Sheridan might have dealt out brilliant epigrams reset from choice authors. The Mayor is on his feet. His preliminary gallantries have evidently missed fire, and the genial pleasantries are taken like strokes on the back the wrong way of the fur. Miss Becker bristles, adjusts her spectacles, and pettishly unfurls the Report of the Society. There is a vast wonder on the meeting at the audacity even of a Mayor daring to be pleasant on such an occasion. Some of the men look as if they would like to cheer and laugh, but who dares awaken the gloomy echoes of this Palace of Art? It was almost a relief when Miss Becker commenced reading the Report, in a low monotonous tone of voice, as if it were a dry religious story, or a lesson in geography, to a class of idle children who had fallen asleep, but might awaken if she stopped. There was no desire to cheer now, no fear of a "hear, hear," no dread of a sacrilegeous laugh to disturb the congenial dullness.

All this time you may be sure that our old and tried friend, Mr. Steinthal, was not hiding his light under a bushel. Officially, Mr. Steinthal was not the chairman, but morally and by force of character he was the chairman. He waived his claim to humility, and planting himself behind the chair, a self-constituted beef-eater, he relieved the Mayor of the resolutions which had been written in a cipher only known to Miss Becker and himself. And now the treasurer of the Revival Band who, up to this time, with wonderful self-control, had not uttered a single "Hallelujah," delivered a beautiful discourse; but as we have several times described at length the meetings of the Revival Band, we need not report Mr. Romaine Callender's speech. Then Dr. Pankhurst, like a ventriloquist who can only do one thing, amused the audience with his inimitable variations on First Principles. He observed that those only should exist in the status and relation of nature, and the facts and necessities of human life, not converted by force of law and opinion of equality of legislation, and the active practical prejudices produced by these two causes. (Applause.) Next, Miss Wolstenholme rose and there was a long pause. This pause was Miss Wolstenholme's speech. At last Mr. Jacob Bright, weary with tilting at windmills, and languid with legislative vigils, got on his feet. He spoke like a philosopher, from his solitary watch-tower, whence he surveys futurity and the stars. What though he had been crushingly defeated by the Government! There is a heroism in the vanquished, a germ of victory in the defeat, which must some day end in triumph. Soon after this the audience rose and rustled to the door. There was the usual beautiful display of affection, when ladies part, and none were more girlish in their glee, more innocently playful, than the girls on the committee. Of course Mr. Steinthal cooed all over the room like a fatherly dove at pairing time, and of course Dr. Pankhurst fluttered and screeched from one Minerva to another, like that goddess's own pet owl.

But however grotesque this Woman's Suffrage movement may appear in its present development, it is no use ignoring that it is one of many genuine phenomena which seems to predict that a lamentable change is

taking place in the character of Englishwomen. Those writers and speakers who advocate the unsexing of woman, always argue the question from a purely logical point of view. On the other hand, those who contemn the movement scarcely stop to consider the abstract justice in its favour, but they return the arguments of logic with the more potent arguments of irony and ridicule. Nor do we blame them for doing so. Consciously or unconsciously the satirists mean to say that this is not an abstract question of right and wrong to be decided by the mind—it is purely a matter of sentiment. In regard to questions with which only the mind can deal, the most enlightened men will take the most liberal views. But where sentiment is concerned we are all Tories, and we cling obstinately to our old ideas of Englishwomen, and refuse to listen to the cleverest radical arguments against those ideas. There are, no doubt, many women at this moment who are prevented from doing good work in the world in consequence of our social conservatism in regard to the sexes, and thus they suffer, like all minorities must suffer, the enviable curse of the whole sex. If, by means of some minority clause we could eliminate these hermaphrodites from the female population, and educate them, and impose upon them the duties of men, we should be happy to do so. But as this cannot be done, we are not going to train the whole sex for public life, for the sake of rescuing the old maids and the idle wives. We grant that at present the few are sacrificed for the many, but Miss Becker would reverse this state of things and sacrifice the many for the few. A married lady said lately: "If Miss Becker has her own way we shall soon have to earn our own livings." The feeling which prompted that remark is shared by nineteen women out of every twenty. It seems to say, "we know that we have not equal political privileges with men, but then we have other privileges, of protection and tenderness, universally granted to us by men, and as we cannot enjoy both kinds of consideration, we prefer retaining that which is most agreeable and suitable to our sex." In Scotland, young girls are petitioning to be allowed to study anatomy in the same class and at the same time as young men. In Manchester young girls are invited to meetings to hear women discuss a medical subject in public, which medical men themselves shrink from discussing even in private. And Miss Becker is claiming for women a share in the most unmannerly of English institutions, namely—Parliamentary elections. There may be women who are suited for these various missions, and if so, we are sorry that they should be excluded. But such women, happily, are few. We may be guilty of great injustice in excluding these candidates for unpleasant places, but we should be guilty of a far greater act of injustice if, by making them accessible to every woman, we endangered the delicacy and the sweetness of future generations.

The Bishop of Manchester has given us many noble thoughts on many subjects, but he never spoke more plainly and more tenderly than at the Association for Promoting the Education of Women, last week. His candid opinions scarcely accorded with the general tone of the meeting, and he deprecated the indiscriminate education of young women in the more abstruse branches of science and literature; and yet it was impossible not to feel in this protest there was a deeper reverence, a more tender solicitude for the conservation of all that is sweetest in woman's character than in the speeches of those who, for the time, assumed to be its champions. The Bishop found young American girls in the High School of Cincinatti reading the Odes of Horace and of Anacreon. But the full meaning of this remark can only be understood by readers of Horace and Anacreon. Well might the Bishop turn from these dainty American Hypatias to the gentle Enids and the lady-like Elaines of domestic England, who, in their lovable ignorance, are only learned in the tales of Miss Edgeworth and the idylls of Tennyson. How long this guilelessness will endure it is impossible to say. But if ever the time comes when all this secret ignorance is enlightened by Miss Becker, Mrs. Hume Rothery, and the lady anatomists, then, with the cynic of Locksley Hall, we will seek the Orient, and there take some savage woman who shall rear our dusky race.

A NEW EDUCATION ACT.

We see that one of the railway companies is largely advertising "direct communication with Reading!" Has the new School Board got to work so soon?

THE LATE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.

THE recent election of a School Board for this city was a matter of such importance, and so novel, that some profit may be got out of its contemplation. So much assistance might be obtained from its careful consideration, for the conduct of the next poll, that it seems a pity not to learn its lessons before it becomes entirely a thing of the past. One would think that its principal lesson was obvious enough—to wit, that people vote denominationally, almost to a man. And yet we saw a letter in the papers of this week urging the people of Salford to give their votes to one who was not associated in his candidature with any sect or party. To write in this way, with the results of the Manchester election placarded on the walls, betrays great but very common confusion of mind. In the abstract, people ought of course to give their votes to unsectarian candidates. It is their duty to. But the theorists who insist upon this theory of theirs being carried into practice forget that circumstances alter cases, and that what is a man's duty under one set of circumstances is not his duty under another. What ought to be must not be confounded with what is. It is a fact that men as a rule do precisely the opposite of what they ought to do. It is a fact which there is no getting over that the public votes in sects. To attempt to change this is to whistle to the wind: to ask an isolated few to vote for certain candidates, because they are not the nominees of any of the sects is, save in very special cases, asking them to throw away their votes. To go into an election with such cobwebs of ideas as these is to go into battle without arms. It is to allow oneself to be obliterated.

The next great lesson of the late election is, that other things being equal, organization wins. It was not only their sectarian cohesion that placed the Roman Catholics at the head of the poll, nor yet alone the fewness of their candidates. Let it not be supposed that we applaud the system that sends voters to the poll, like flocks of sheep, with papers ready filled up for them, and with drovers in black macintoshes to drive them to their proper stalls. We simply say it is a proof of what organization can do, and of its influence, and, to some extent, necessity at an election. In the large Roman Catholic wards it was an almost painful and a most humiliating sight to see the droves of poor folks—some of whom obviously dare not call their souls their own—flock round the booths, with no idea in their heads what was going on except that "the Canon" had something to do with it, and that they must support the faith. Some of them even brought their papers in the envelopes in which they had been sent to them, unopened. We have no prejudice whatever against the Roman Catholics, and by no means begrudge them their position on the board, but as a mere matter of fact it must be confessed that as sure as ever a voter presented himself at the poll, looking more poverty-stricken, more abject, more incapable of forming an opinion of his own, more unfit to exercise the franchise than the average, so sure was his vote to be "eight for Canon Toole and seven for Richardson."

Whether the bullies who took the command of the poor Roman Catholic voters were accredited agents or volunteers is more than we can say; but whoever they were, it was disgusting to see them deliberately take possession of the pens and ink of the returning officers and fill up at their own sweet will the papers of such voters as by some mischance had either not been supplied with filled up forms or had omitted to bring them. In some cases we were glad to note that the returning officers vindicated their personal right to the mayor's ink, and refused its use to such officious persons.

These returning officers were aldermen and councillors, Town Hall officials, old attorneys, and young barristers, deputed by the Mayor to represent him. The booths in which these gentlemen were placed reminded the spectator of the agricultural show. They looked uncommonly like wooden stalls, and it took a little time before one could accustom oneself to the idea that they were not meant for oxen. To add to the illusion, just as one was getting over it, up came a messenger from the Town Hall, and flung into each den a batch of sandwiches, exactly as the keeper feeds the lions at the "Zoo." But the mirage was at last completely routed by the doling out to each of the animals of a mysterious bottle. The sudden plops, the gurgle, gurgle, and the patter, patter, patter, which immediately proceeded from the stalls, dispelled the dream, and quite convinced the bystander that these were not wild beasts, but

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aldermen, indeed. The duties of the officers consisted almost wholly in receiving papers with their one hand and in putting them on a file with their other. It will therefore be seen that it does not require a very high order of intellect to qualify for the office. But the office does require other qualifications which are just as important and just as rare. Good eyesight, sharpness, quickness, and decision are requisite, and common sense. It is surprising how few people have these simple qualities. Taking votes is, like most other things, a thing which anyone can do—after a fashion; but which very few can do well. It requires a certain courage, and a good voice, to suppress the little evils of such times. It does demand a certain intrepidity to sit definitely down upon an agent who has craftily been cultivating pleasant terms with the officials ere they found his mission out. This sort of moral courage is a rare gift. No election could, however, have demanded less of its presidents: all was orderly and quiet. Not a discordant note was to be heard, saving the occasional complainings of a would-be voter who had paid his rates for twenty years, and yet whose name was not to be discovered on the register: most likely being inserted in the wrong place. Who can tell, though, how much personation and intimidation was being quietly carried on? One can feel no confidence that even half the votes filed are the honest record of the wishes of electors. There is so much ignorance, so much muddle-headedness, so much weakness of mind, and so much fraud at an election, that it can be taken only as an indication of the roughest sort.

We would suggest that some of the features which turn such a poll as this into a farce might be much mitigated by the presidents being strictly charged to suffer no representatives of candidates or organizations to come near the polling-booths. Drive them outside, and if they still continue to obstruct the streets see how they like the inside of the dock at Bridge Street. This was done with one of these pestiferous nuisances, and ought to be with all. If a few officers were told off for this especial duty, all the better. But a still greater means of mischief, to our minds, is the unlimited supply of voting papers. We would have an official paper not supplied at or near the polling booths, but one which must be procured beforehand at certain specified places, and which should be delivered singly to each person, and each person only who declared himself entitled to a vote. Of course fraud would be practised still, but it could then be practised only in a small way and not wholesale, as is now. Granted, that not a quarter of the constituency would take the trouble to vote under such circumstances, what of that? Those would vote who really take an interest in the result, and they are all whose votes are worth recording. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the mischief occasioned by permitting candidates to circulate their voting papers by the thousand. Let us give an instance. Miss Becker—whose address was very good indeed, and who deserves her seat upon the board—obtained innumerable votes by sending papers out filled in with fifteen votes for Becker. These were given in by many persons under the impression that they were voting for other candidates altogether. A woman would present her paper, saying that she wished to vote for Callender and Co. It is no part of the returning officer's duty to concern himself about the candidates—indeed he has no right—and filed would be the paper, with fifteen for Becker on it! This occurred repeatedly. Several worthy ladies—and the ladies did not seem to go in for Miss Becker with much gusto—were quite scandalized to find out all too late that they had voted for her. We have yet one more suggestion: and that is, that the placards over the booths should in future have their important information printed in large type, and their formal matter in small, and not *vice versâ*. As it was, the leading line was the word "Polling Booth"—a most unnecessary piece of information—while the name of those whose voting place it was was printed in the smallest of small letters.

In conclusion, the register is full of mistakes. The secret of all these grumbling letters to the papers about improperly rejected voting papers is not the stupidity of the returning officers—though some of them were not over intelligent—but the stupidity of the citizens' roll, which abounds in eccentricities. To expect correct spelling of proper names in so vast a volume would be too much; but it should not jump about the alphabet in the reckless style in which it often does, inserting "i's" amongst "y's," and putting a Smith or a Whittaker all by himself, quite apart from his namesakes, as we have known it to do. The best plan is to hang a copy at the door, and let each disappointed voter try and puzzle his own name out before his vote is finally rejected.

We have left ourselves no space to try and depict a few of the humours of the day, though they were many. We regret to have no room to tell about the men who voted for the Bible under the belief that they would thereby save their rates, nor yet the ardent politician who insisted on voting for Gladstone and Bright, nor yet the indignant officer of police whose name had been omitted from the register by deeply-laid design, nor the woman who persisted she was her husband, nor yet the man who got into a towering passion because the poll closed at four o'clock, and more, that "by —— he would see about it."

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE CATHEDRAL.

THANKS to the vitality of Mr. Humphrey Nicholls—may he live a thousand years!—the Cathedral is still our parish Church; and as we are not Pagans, *pagani*, dwellers in villages—Sale, Eccles, Altrincham, where not—but parishioners of Manchester, citizens even, eke ratepayers, "Philistines" in fact, without the faintest tinge of the Bohemian about us; as we are not, we say, some of these things, and are several of others of them, we like occasionally to attend service at the Cathedral. Now, the excellence of the Advent anthems, as they are sometimes called, is proverbial, and as last Sunday was the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, the Church's "New Year's Day," when the Calendar is begun over again with Advent Sunday, we made arrangements to go to the afternoon service at the Cathedral.

Our own individual opinion is in favour of a free seat, whether it take the form of a pew, open bench, or chair; and as there are few places more substantial, suitable, and comfortable than the benches or the open pews in the wide open area of the nave of the Cathedral, "the body of the church," phrase apt and unconventional—we proposed to ourself, also to Mrs. Sphinx, who, besides having an eye for a bonnet has an ear for music, and insisted on accompanying us, to start early and arrive early, a fair half-hour before the 3 30 p.m., at which the evensong train starts. The arrangements which we have referred to consisted in disestablishing our modest dessert and the two glasses of dominical port wine, curtailing very considerably our post prandial smoke, "decimating" it, as the *Telegraph* would probably say, and, at an hour at which we are mostly occupied in separating the interminably convoluted walnut kernel from its membraneous covering, assuming our hat, gloves, and umbrella, all which were duly carried into effect, and we sallied forth into the unwonted air of Sunday afternoon.

There seems something different in the atmosphere of the streets on a Sunday afternoon. We do not refer so much to the people as to the air one breathes. There is a sort of smell about it not at all like that which we find on a weekday—a workday, perhaps we ought to say. It seems to *taste* differently, and the absence of the daily subdued grind and roar, rather felt than otherwise perceived, makes you wonderfully susceptible of all things to strike the senses. "The Isle is full of noises" ordinarily; to-day they seem conspicuous by their absence. The sky is now and then clear, and the streams or watercourses, often dignified with the title of rivers, and occasionally black, purple, or blue, with all their trumpery, run in neutral tints, from a dirty grey to an ashy yellow. The sparrows, too, flit from one coped wall to another inquiringly, more than half surprised at the want of the usual hurrying of vehicles and the unfailing stream of passers-by, and end by lodging disconsolately on the housetop, as if they had given it up in despair.

As we approached the Cathedral the clock was striking three. We hesitatingly entered the enclosure, being doubtful whether the doors would be yet open; but seeing one or two pass through the doorway, and disappear, we came to the conclusion that it would be better to follow than cool our heels on a tombstone on a rainy afternoon in November. So we went in. Instead of our being in the first ten, as we had thought we should probably be, we found, to our astonishment, that the whole of the "body" of the church was already occupied! Every bench was crammed to an extent almost inconsistent with comfort with expectant worshippers, from one aisle to the other, and new comers were being rapidly disposed of in that Galilee of the nations—the space between the porch and the (whilome) Trafford Chapel. We were

hurried into what we always feel disposed to call Aceldama, the place to bury strangers in.

Again we looked in amaze at that goodly fellowship, those serried ranks of men and women, the men preponderating, young, middle-aged, and old. They were, as far as we could tell, of all classes, but dress is your great leveller now-a-days, and you can't, by the outside, tell an earl from an engine-driver, or a baronet's lady from a barmaid, except that the latter will probably be a little better dressed. The seats behind us kept on filling; the occupants of the gallery, at "shouting" distance at first,—supposing shouting allowed,—gradually closed up, though the pews there were never occupied more than an average of two to a pew, and the rear rank of the municipal pew battalion "took close order." A choirman now and then hurried past and disappeared behind the crimson *portiere*, and a "click" on the organist's bell was quickly followed by the opening voluntary, or overture, and the white-robed choir issued from the chancel, and, with two of the clergy, took their places in the nave-stalls.

Mr. Elvy, minor canon, occupied the "reading pew," and Mr. Crane, clerk in holy orders, a stall under the pulpit by the lectern. The minor canon's voice was soon heard enunciating in quiet intonation the well-accustomed peaceful words, and so the office proceeded. The psalm for the day, portions of the latter part of the 119th, was sung to plain congregational chants, one exquisitely beautiful, and as beautifully sung by the choir; it seemed as if one could not choose but sing, and so thought a large portion of the congregation. Mary's wonderful hymn of exultation and praise, the sound of which has gone out into all lands, was very carefully sung to a "service" chant, as in our humble opinion it ought always to be where it can be done. It seems that at the Cathedral, all the "canticles," the little songs, are now sung on Sundays to service chants, that is, to chants of elaborate construction, not susceptible of congregational use, and it is decidedly a change for the better. There are vast stores of church music, mines of melody and harmony, from Purcell and Dr. Arne to, though last not least, Mr. Bridge, the cathedral organist: which only want bringing before the public to show a school of writers of church music, peculiar to England, too, amply sufficient of themselves to rebut the oft-repeated charge that we are not a musical nation.

Before and after the first chant came a lesson, read, in each case, by Mr. Crane. Now Mr. Crane is understood to be an able divine, and is as eloquent a preacher as a man can be who does not preach, but reads an essay on a religious subject, or a theological point or question; but he is not a pleasant reader of Scripture lessons. His voice is loud without being sonorous, and heavy without being impressive. One seemed to perceive the thud of some of the words in his chest, and to fancy that his boot heels would leave an impression on the floor where he was standing. It seemed as if, with the end of the lesson, a heavy weight was taken off our shoulders, and we involuntarily gave a sigh of relief.

After the third Collect, "Here followeth the Anthem;" and it did follow. We have always thought that if Handel had written nothing but *The Messiah*, it would have made his name immortal. But we thought, at the conclusion of the selection taken as the anthem—the opening recitative, "Comfort ye," the air following, "Every valley shall be exalted," and the chorus to which they naturally seem to lead, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed"—we thought that he would have already attained a patent of fame for all time if he had done nothing more. Mr. Dumville, of course, took the recitative. The words of the recitative, words of consolation originally addressed by Isaiah to the Jewish Church, seemed a cautious opening of the message he had to deliver, and that, oppressed as it were with the consciousness of the large measure of joyous tidings he was charged with, he breaks forth into singing, and describes with Oriental richness of imagery the glories of the Church's future. The music and its interpretation seemed to make the words of the prophecy relate, not only as we undoubtedly think they did, to the events which have been one fulfilment of it, but to apply to the Church of the present—Jerusalem that now is in bondage with her children. We never heard the recitative better sung by any living singer than it was sung that afternoon. The aria also began well, but the two runs on the second syllable of "exalted," and the sustaining of the voice at and about the *Mi*, Handel's almost inexcusable attempt to give to the word "plain" the idea of a continuous level, are very fatiguing, and the singer rather tired towards the end; but he finished full of fire at last.

The choir, who had been waiting almost impatiently, took up the singer's introduction, and sang the chorus in a way which, for excellence and perfect rendering, it has never been our lot to hear before. You could hear the matchless accompaniment of the organ alone, unburdened by the blaze of brass, and of the voices you seemed to

> catch the sacred air, and all
> The harmonies unwind.

The fugue movements succeeded each other as waves of a sea of sound, and ever and anon the clear ringing voice of *a* treble would pierce the mass of sound, shooting up like a signal rocket against the broad, uncumbered sky. We prefer this mode of rendering such a chorus, where every singer is an artist, to the mobs or thunder-clouds of sound at the monster performances at the Free Trade Hall. We may be heretical, musically, but that is our own private settled opinion.

The conventional prayer which follows having been disposed of, a hymn was sung, during which we were amazed at seeing a stranger marshalled into the pulpit. How he obtained access to that sacred precinct, the Cathedral pulpit, we were wondering, especially as he continued a series of those platitudes of which you had had enough and to spare in five minutes, but which might, like a mathematical straight line, be prolonged indefinitely. However, he gradually sidled off to speak of his people, and a hazy talk of ten minutes more let us into the secret. We were being appealed to for contributions to "the poor blacks." West Indian blacks, too, of Jamaica, members of the Church recently disestablished there. They were, forsooth, so poor that they "came to church without shoes and stockings, and were partially without those other articles of clothing, which in a climate like this might be a necessity, but which was not so there." Well, we have been accustomed to meet with some amount of impudence in our time, but such an appeal beat any amount of cock fighting in that line we ever heard of. Why, the twenty millions we were fools enough to pay some time since would have bought all the West India islands and the blacks. We did buy the latter, and their descendants, having squatted on the land, we must now find them in parsons and hymns ancient and modern! Not if we know it. We had seen an advertisement in the first column of one of the dailies, of which we only bore away the memory of the Rev. Mr. Marston's name and of St. Saviour's, and our hasty glance only led us to believe it was some new freak that the Evangelicals were going to indulge in. But in the Cathedral! Where was the Dean? Where were the Canons? As far as we could discover, the latter showed their interest in the matter by staying away. The Bishop, certainly, was not there, but as he was preaching at two widely-different churches—Prestwich in the morning, and our old friend, Mr. Lang's, in the evening—there was ample excuse for *him*. But— . No, we never did!

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

ALMANACKS AND THE LIKE.

THE other day the spirit moved us to purchase a diary for 1870. That diary contained a large amount of miscellaneous information which would have been extremely useful if it had been correct. But so long beforehand are these publications compiled that half their information becomes stale and inaccurate before the first day of the year of which they bear the date. To a certain extent this is unavoidable. Diaries and such like conveniences are required beforehand, and it is only natural that every publisher should try to anticipate his rivals. But this system of premature publication is now carried to an absurd extent. Christmas numbers appear in the beginning of November, and periodicals bearing Saturday's date are published on Wednesdays. In the case of almanacks and diaries this ridiculous fashion is most misleading: a lot of stuff that time has falsified before the end of 1869 being constantly before one's eyes until the end of 1870. There is in Manchester a very useful little publication called the *Official Manual*, whose convenience is much impared by its being printed so long beforehand. It is all very well to publish mere skeleton almanacks early, but those which profess to contain accurate current information ought not to be compiled till later. As they are, they are not only useless but dangerous. We would especially warn our readers against such an

profess to give information as to the stamp duties, before ascertaining whether they are in accordance with the new act regulating all those imposts. The precaution is not unnecessary, when diaries are being published positively without the new postal tariff. Though there is perhaps excuse for their not knowing what the Post office seems not particularly clear about itself.

HALLO! HALLO!

Isn't it the *Pall Mall Gazette* that is always pitching into the poor *Daily Telegraph* about the roaring of its "young lions," and has always manifested such detestation of the gin-and-water style of composition? What style is this? "The sky is already lurid with the reflection of the conflicting passions of men, and now the earth opens under our feet through the perfidy of Russia." Bless us and save us, how very tremendous!

THE "ATHENÆUM" ON CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS.

We were looking forward with interest to the series of papers promised by the *Athenæum* on contemporary dramatists. But the first—which has appeared—has quenched our expectation altogether. The writer seems to us quite unequal to his task. His estimate of Mr. Robertson is a commonplace and desultory piece of composition, and exhibits very little critical acumen. He picks out several obvious faults which lie on the surface of the playwrights' style, exposes them in limp and verveless language, and then leaves him. Moreover, there is a very considerable spice of what reads uncommonly like malice in the article, which augurs ill for the critical impartiality of the series of critiques.

MR. SOTHERN.

Our readers will have found out Mr. Sothern's presence once more amongst us. Mr. Sothern has with him two new pieces: but the first was only advertised for a single night, and even that advertisement has been withdrawn. The second, which has figured in other towns as a "farcical comedy," is here styled "a wild piece of absurdity." This is a tribute to Manchester discernment which is gratifying.

THE ATHENÆUM MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The popularity of the concerts of the Athenæum Musical Society is only one of the many evidences of its well-deserved success. The opening concert of the season, which took place a week ago, combined most of the excellencies we have before had the pleasure of noting. Excellent taste as usual had guided the choice of pieces. Study of such programmes must have a useful effect on the prevailing style of drawing-room music. There was in that of last Friday night a careful avoidance of the simperingly sentimental and trashy productions which are in so many cases warbled with more or less indistinctness of utterance at our evening parties. It is something actively to demonstrate that really good songs can be listened to and appreciated by a mixed audience. The solos were almost without exception well delivered. The young lady vocalists were regarded by many in the audience on the light of old friends, and have lost none of their old power of pleasing, and to it there is added greater strength and power, notably in the cases of Miss F. Cooper and Miss Heywood. The part-songs were also quite successful. The one inconvenient part of the affair is that the room is too small. The forms are so closely packed that, after once taking a seat, it requires the courage of a Spartan to venture any attempt to move. It is necessary to take choice between suffering the pangs of outraged thirst, or facing a stream of indignation.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mr. Joseph Bennett won the Billiard Championship of England on Monday night last, at St. James's Hall, London. We have now had four champions in less than two years—a very striking illustration of the change which has come over the billiard world during that period, and which has broken the stagnation which so long prevailed amongst the leaders in this most popular of indoor games. The senior John Roberts, who so long held the premier place unchallenged, succumbed to the youthful William Cook. He, again, gave way to the junior Roberts; and on Monday last, after a hard-fought struggle, Mr. Bennett achieved the coveted distinction. By the change in the size of the pockets, and the obstacle thus placed in the way of the "spot-stroke," it was inevitable that the cannon game should become of greater and more legitimate importance, and equally natural that Mr. Bennett, who is so great a proficient in this line, should come prominently to the front. He played with infinite care and fine generalship on Monday last, and defeated Mr. Roberts, junior, by 95 points. This victory will give additional interest to the matches to be played in Manchester on Wednesday and Monday next. On the first day Messrs. Cook and Roberts, junior, will contend, and on the second, the winner of Wednesday will have to beat Mr. Bennett, the new champion. It is one feature of these matches that the afternoon exhibition is specially arranged for the comfort and convenience of ladies, an innovation which was successfully introduced in the spring of this year at the Free Trade Hall.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE DEPUTY RETURNING OFFICER.

WE received our instructions on the day previous to the election, and the same were doled out to us by the Town Clerk in the Mayor's Parlour. That well-known functionary addressed the assembled Deputy Returners with his hat on, and I felt personally much obliged to him for not adopting the additional protection of an umbrella. His Worship the Mayor, with a great want of taste, and an ignorance of the usages of the titled classes, remained uncovered during the inaugural address of his first minister, which was in fact only a running and self-evident commentary upon the printed paper of instructions, so clear that a professional pedestrian at full speed might have perused and understood them. The Town Council of this city, however, is fortunate in possessing some members who will talk if they have a chance, and amongst the Deputy Returners might have been seen sitting, with basilisk glare, some few of these persistent talkers. Jaw (noun) they have, and jaw (verb) they will, and if they can perplex a question or an arrangement, perplex it they will. On them the Town Clerk ruthlessly sat. He knew the style—a glossy one at four-and-six, warranted equal to the best beaver—and the Town Clerk sat on it. Otherwise we should have remained in that megatherium palace, the Mayor's Parlour—which always appears to me to be full of the ghosts of finance ministers who have gone to India—until doomsday.

A morning of wet and gloom ushered in the day which was to settle the men who were to settle the mode in which the young ideas of this city were to be taught to shoot. Anything gloomier than the appearance of the large room of the Town Hall at 8 45 on that morning was never contemplated, I am sure, by the oldest hearse-driver in the employ of Greenwood. A row of policemen was huddled against a heap of forms, like drooping turkeys under the lee of a farmyard wall. A damp Town Councillor, who appeared to have been up all night on an amateur errand connected with the Lamp and Scavenging Department, was standing before the fire, and getting so warm in the back that he smoked like a cucumber frame. That active and bustling, and, let me add, most assiduous and intelligent municipal officer, the Clerk of Committees, tried to encourage us by a cheery good morning, and by furnishing us with little stone jars of ink, as if it were necessary that we should mark our own linen as a test of efficiency in domestic education; but the novelty of this ruse or prank soon wore off, and we were once more left to the contemplation of the rain in King Street and to the row of booths for taking the votes, which had the appearance of the apparatus now said to be used for private executions.

I was conscious all this time of being watched by an uneasy gentleman, who was lounging against a booth, with rather a resentful aspect of countenance. He turned out to be a voter

anxious for the moment of incubation; and I addressed him in dulcet and obstetric tones, and ultimately polled him within one minute past nine o'clock. Though not new to the Deputy Returner's work, I confess that I can never believe that I am so officiating upon these occasions. I cannot divest my mind of the idea that I am engaged in selling something, like Dr. Marigold; and feel impelled to put up an imaginary warming-pan, or a pluralist knife with many blades—including a corkscrew, a fleam for bleeding horses, a saw, a toothpick, a shower-bath, and a garden roller, all neatly clubbed together for the small charge of eightpence. At other moments I picture myself as the residuary legatee of a male bazaar—if there be such a thing known—which had gone off by means of deception and raffles with such extraordinary success that the only articles remaining unsold were the small stone jar of marking-ink, a piece of blotting-paper, a rigid steel pen, an emollient quill ditto, a police officer, and myself.

Later in the day, when the municipal refreshment arrived, we got more into the booth-at-a-races groove; and I am bound to say, without any personal reflection upon the Chief Magistrate, that the present municipal sandwich has a remarkable flavour of kinship to the damp and spongy squares which I used to eat upon Kersal Moor many years ago, in the days of old Tommy Lye and Alice Hawthorn. I always had, and always shall have, a studied reserve as regards the public sandwich. It is a disagreeable invention at the best, and must have originated in the fertile brain of the man who first discovered the mustard plaister. But the current municipal sandwich, of which I now speak, was not only ham, but it was ham which had so particularly salty and sour a taste that it must have been derived from sea pigs, who were either mariners from their birth, or who had been driven in early youth down a steep place into the ocean. With these municipal sandwiches the municipal sherry was admirably contrived to keep company. If the gentleman who was the author of tarpaulin had been nurtured for the most part on finnon haddock, the individual who invented this sherry must have done so because he knew what a marine saline sandwich required for the lustration of the palate of its consumer. I give this sherry credit for three leading components—saltpetre, petroleum, and the Benzine Collas. The last is supposed to produce a nutty flavour in the mouth, and is believed to have a particular attraction for second-class railway passengers, who cannot get on in life without this nutty flavour, and without Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla and Widow Welch's Compound Renal Wind Pill.

In the intervals of taking voting-papers I told the policeman in attendance to open his mouth like Frederick, the head elephant at Wombwell's, and I threw in a sandwich as an experiment. The officer seemed taken with this exercise, and occasionally opened his mouth without invitation, but I declined being done. I was bent upon seeing the effect of this saline sandwich or Seidlitz upon his system. But, like the Cossacks at Hamburg, who drank all the aqua fortis at the druggists', the officer did not appear to flinch. Beyond turning occasionally a light mauve in the face, and rolling his eyes about like an amiable young bull, there was nothing to indicate that he was off the square at all. I then tried him with the sherry. The officer sighed and wiped away a tear, but still he kept opening his mouth, and seemed none worse; so that really I don't know any particular reason why, if the Corporation has a large stock of this sherry, it should not be drunk.

The office of a Deputy Returner is not an exhilarating one. Several kind friends came at intervals to enquire how I was going on, but, as I did not know what they meant, I demanded an explanation, upon which they cut up rough and went away. The majority of the voters discharged their duty swiftly and bolted, but some of them waited after I had filed the paper as if they were surprised that the process was so simple, or, as if they would like to enter into the merits of Mr. Forster's bill. Towards mid-day the Town Hall became full of groups who had come to see "what was going on." One of the gentlemen who had arranged the alphabet upon Orange principles, put in an appearance, and looked very Boynewatery about the eyes. His great anxiety for the study of geography according to the principles of the Church of England, had evidently had the same effect upon him as if he had been smelling at a pungent onion. How can you reconcile the position of Majorca, Minorca, Ivica, and Fromentera, with sound Church and State principles? How put right Mercator's projection with the noses of the Rural Deans, or the bridges of the latter with that of the ass in Euclid? These are the questions of the day. Without a thoroughly religious education how could Lord Chelmsford or Lord Westbury decide Mr. Voysey's case, or apply the stomach-pump to the National Church, and draw off the heresy and schism which had there accumulated? Let us grapple with this difficulty. Our lawyers and our doctors, including that Orange doctor who was a candidate, are always examined in theology before they are permitted to physic or to six-and-eightpence their neighbours. Therefore the little heathen in the streets must take his grammar with a catechism and his parts of speech with a polemical horse-ball. Infallibility at the top of the list and gold at the bottom—with all sorts of things in the middle, and every conceivable specimen of opinionative ogre left out in the cold—was that not a dainty dish to set before the Queen? Poor little urban Arab! I thought that for you at length a gleam of light in a dark place had dawned. But it is not so. The old horn lanterns, the will-o'-the-wisps, the night-mares, the filthy bubbles, and the odious exhalations, that have contended for your little soul for years, and called themselves by holy names to hide their dismal devilry, are still unfortunately rampant, and for you at present there is no light nor likelihood of such.

[FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK.

THE RUFF AND REEVE.

NO belle or beau possesses a wardrobe more choice and varied than our old acquaintance the Ruff and Reeve. Fine feathers are said to make fine birds; so, of course, Mr. Ruff may be called an elegantly-attired, fashionably-fine gentleman. But his perfections do not end here, for whilst his outside is admirable, his inside is perfection, and, in short, he is the very paragon of birds.

Few of our readers have, perhaps, ever observed these singular creatures in a state of Nature, though many of us probably have seen them exposed for sale in the poulterers' shops during the spring or summer. We need hardly say that the Ruff and the Reeve, though bearing different names, are one flesh. The bridal costume and working dress of these dainty little animals differ so widely, that a stranger who knew them in their every-day attire would hardly recognize them in *full costume*. Like a provident person, before the advent of winter and rough weather, the male puts on a stout dress for common wear, at which time his plumage has been thus described:—Face covered with feathers; occiput and neck well-clothed; throat and belly pure white; breast reddish, with brown spots; the back is most frequently brown, sprinkled with black spots and bordered with red; the middle tail feathers brown, black, and red; whilst the feet are a delicate yellowish green. This may serve as a tolerably accurate description of the Monsieur to whom we were introduced during the past April, at which time also we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Madame, his wife, of whom gallantry compels us to say a word or two. Considered generally, she seems a quiet, domestic little person—a sort of Cinderella before her transformation—and looks altogether very unlike her gay and debonnair lord. "She is one-third smaller, with plumage far more sober, and a breast dull and tawny."

We have spoken of the male in his autumn plumage, in which state Brunnick calls him the *Tringa Varigata*, but it is in spring that he puts on all his bravery. In our opinion there is one sad drawback to his dandyism, for with his smart dress comes the unenviable accompaniment of a remarkably pimply countenance. This, however, may be a recommendation to the ladies of his acquaintance. In the picture we are about to paint of him as he goes a wooing, Linnæus calls him *Tringa Pugnax*, and never was epithet more accurately applied, as we shall see by and bye, when we follow him to the place of rendezvous. We will describe him as he walks on his way. His face is naked, covered with tubercles or flesh warts; on his head he wears a tuft of long streamers like the scalp-lock of the chivalrous red man, whilst a large ruff composed of beautiful materials adorns his throat. This finery is generally in strong contrast with the plumage of his body, which is variegated with red, grey, black, brown, white, and yellow, whilst the colours of the ruff vary infinitely, no two being precisely on the same pattern. Once more we must revert to his countenance, and it is with a feeling almost amounting to melancholy, that we are obliged to confess that the warts on his face are yellow or red. These blemishes give him a very debauched appearance, not unlike that of some swaggering swashbuckler that a couple of hundred years ago might have been seen to issue forth from Alsatia.

The individual whose portrait we have attempted to take has already been called hard names by Brunnick and the great Swede, but this is only a small part of his misfortunes, for the French describe him as le Combattant, and Paon de Mer; the Italians, Nuello Muto; the Germans, something in four awful syllables that no ordinary mortal can hope to pronounce successfully, whilst the ancient British designate this best abused animal by yr ymladdgar, which is perhaps the hardest of all to utter or endure.

The geographical distribution of the Tringa is very extensive. In short, he is a great traveller, being known in Iceland, Lapland, Scandinavia, Denmark, Siberia, Russia, France, Switzerland, Italy, Malta, Trebizond, and the neighbourhood of the Caucasus. In Ireland the political state of the country perhaps interferes with his visits. At all events he only goes there exceptionally. In peaceable England, however, he arrives regularly every spring, about April, and departs in the autumn. The Ruff is very simple in his diet, usually restricting himself to such worms and insects as moist and marshy places produce. The Tringa divides his time between love, war, and wandering, and in his social habits may be called rather eccentric. It has already been observed that he arrives on the south-east shores of England usually about April, and as soon as he recovers from the fatigue incidental to migration, instead of leading a peaceable life, begins to quarrel with all his kinsmen and male acquaintances. There are other bipeds that do this, but then the Ruff does it in a way peculiar to himself.

Having inspected the ground, Mr. Pugnax places himself on some hillock contiguous to the spot on which the Reeves intend to lay their eggs, elevates his scalp-lock, gives himself a military chest, puffs out his ruff, and makes himself look as formidable as possible. Presently another warrior arrives, struts round the little hill, using all sorts of exasperating gestures and words—for doubtless those sounds convey distinctive utterances of jealousy, hatred, or defiance, and then the battle commences—a regular set-to, in an indefinite number of rounds. If the birds are numerous other males soon join pell-mell in the fray, and never, perhaps, since the conflict under the walls of Troy, has such a chance-medley warfare of combatants been seen. We once witnessed an encounter somewhat similar at Brindon Barton, on Exmoor, but then black cocks carry on the duello with greater sobriety and decorum.

Belligerents always lose: it is the neutrals who win, and the rule holds good even in bird-catching. The din of arms, together with an admirable local knowledge and experience, direct the fowler to his prey. The trade of catching Ruffs is confined to very few persons, and the craft has in some cases passed from father to son through many generations. These people live in obscure places on the verge of the fens, and are only to be found with great difficulty. In fact, the whole business is enveloped in mystery and concealment, the trappers not desiring interlopers, and the dealers wishing to keep the market to themselves. A great number of these delicious birds are fatted at Cowbit. The food employed is bread and milk, or boiled wheat, and so ravenous or fearless are the Ruffs, that they not only devour it greedily immediately after capture, but fight furiously over their rations even before visitors. The manner of taking these birds is usually as follows:—"The place of resort for love and battle is sought for by the fowler, who discovers it by the turf being trodden somewhat bare, though not in a circle as usually described. When the course is known, the sportsman spreads his nets before daybreak, places his decoy birds, and takes his stand at a distance of about a hundred and forty yards. The net is what is termed a single clasp net of seventeen feet long by six wide, with a pole at each end furnished with a pulley, and is easily drawn over the birds within reach, rarely failing to take all within its grasp." Thus writes Colonel Montague, whose account of these interesting animals is said to be the best extant.

The males arrive on our shores several days before the females, who usually lay during the first or second week in May, when the ruffs cease "to hill." Like the snipe and woodcock, the Tringa makes her nest in the most unartificial manner, being altogether deficient in architectural skill, for it consists only of coarse grass, plucked from the hummock on which it is placed; nor are these materials apparently worked up either with taste or care. However this may be, the young, ususually four in number, are safely hatched in their poor cottage, grow up, are in due time caught like their ancestors, transferred to the dealer, and forwarded to our principal towns as a delicacy, at a time when game is no longer in season, and poultry is scarce. When done to a turn, judiciously placed on toast sufficiently buttered to absorb the trail, our bird is verily a delicious morsel; and the only fault we ever heard found with his merits was a charge brought against him by a stout gentleman, who, mournfully regarding a pile of carefully picked bones, declared, with a sigh, "delicious, but a *leetle* too small."

THE MISMANAGED BOLTON INFIRMARY.

HAVING heard a good deal about the site of the Bolton Infirmary—the chief, if not the only hospital, in a town of some sixty thousand people—we resolved to pay it a visit. We give our readers, therefore, the result of a personal inspection, in the shape of a plain, unvarnished tale.

On our admission, we were ushered into the Board Room—here, as at most other small hospitals, the most comfortable room in the building. Opposite the Board Room is situated the Dispensary. Here was seen an air of untidiness and disorder we did not like, and the arrangements appeared to be by no means of the best. From this room entrance is had to the waiting room for the out-patients, of which we can only say it is empty, bare, and cheerless. A room on the right of this is for the use of the medical officers, *when they think fit to attend*, in which to see the out-patients. In this room is the so-called Medical Library of the institution. The room corresponding to this, on the left, is devoted to the dressing of accidents. This room, on the occasion of our visit, had a very littered, untidy, not to say dirty, look. Opening out of the out-patients' waiting room is another waiting room, where wait those who come to consult the House-Surgeon, and those requiring prescriptions dispensed.

We next proceeded to visit the wards, wondering on our way up the old, narrow, ricketty stairs, how they contrived to carry any patient, other than an infant, up them, as there is not too much room even for a man ordinarily stout to walk up. On the first floor on the right is a small female ward containing four beds. The aspect of this ward was cheerless in the extreme, the wall being of a dull dirty colour, which seemed naturally to have a very depressing effect on the few patients who had the misfortune to be subject to its influence. Made out of this ward, by a partition at one end, is the linen-room, where the bed furniture and other linen used in the Hospital is kept. We need scarcely point out the danger of thus keeping articles so very likely to spread infection in a portion of a ward used for surgical cases. In the event of an outbreak of erysipelas, for example, in this ward, how fertile a means of spreading it exists in the apparently harmless linen chest; and yet the only through draught to be obtained in this ward is by means of one window in the ward, and another in the linen-room, which opens off it. Near this ward are some nurses' rooms, and then a large female ward, which is a little more cheerful than ward Number One, as

some member of the committee has presented a few chromos to cover the nakedness of the walls. This good example we earnestly commend to the notice of the donor's colleagues. Connected with each ward are the necessary offices, distinct from the other parts of the Infirmary. We must object to the arrangement of these, as they ought not to open directly out of the ward, and be, in fact, ventilated through and by the ward, but should have a lobby with a through current of air between them, since the present plan leaves such a thing as pure air in the wards more difficult to obtain than is usually the case.

In these wards we saw what was a perfectly new sight to us, notwithstanding an extended experience in similar institutions. We refer to the provisions in the little wire baskets hung at the bed heads of the patients. These consisted of biscuits, eggs, butter, and so forth. On enquiry, we learned that the friends of the patients were allowed to bring them such things as these if they wished, and yet immediately afterwards we were told that "the Committee pride themselves on the fact that the patients have whatever is considered proper for them, provided by the charity, without limit." If eggs and butter are "proper" for any patient, why do not the authorities supply them? And if they are not they can do no good and their use should be forbidden. This is only, however, one example of the lax discipline that seems to prevail. On the floor above this are located the male patients. The hospital is supposed to accommodate thirty patients, but yet is considered full when it contains eighteen. A noble hospital in sooth for Bolton! Upstairs, on the men's flat, we found the ventilation better than we did below, which improvement we hailed with much satisfaction, as down stairs, in this respect, was bad. We were next shown the operating room. Such a parody on the name we never saw before. When we were in it we were strongly reminded of the position Moses is said to have been in when the candle went out. How any operation can be performed here we are at a loss to know, as instead of being the lightest room in the building it is the darkest. And instead of having a glass roof the architect has thought it sufficient to have one small window only in the end. If any disposition were shown to alter this state of things, we should imagine a window might soon be put in the roof and more light obtained. The bath room is common to the whole establishment, officers, servants, nurses, and patients, male and female, having no other accomodation. And to mend matters, the bath is a miserably small one. We pity the house surgeon most thoroughly. We wonder how much it would cost to have another and a suitable bath put up, one that would furnish one redeeming feature o the place.

This, and a few other things, might be done at a very trifling expense, and would, at any rate, render the Institute more worthy of its name and object. But nothing short of a new building ought to satisfy the town, for we maintain the subject is of vital importance to Bolton and the neighbourhood, and the sooner the present building is pulled down and a new one began the better. We trust some arrangement will be come to by the trustees of the proposed Blair Hospital and the trustees of the present Infirmary, by which Bolton may become possessed of a building that will do credit to her public spirit and charity alike. But the Committee ought not to wait for that desirable consummation to lessen the work that the House Surgeon is at present burdened with. It is most unfair to expect one man, however willing and able, to attend to the patients within the walls of a hospital, and visit patients at their homes, as is required here. Where this is so, the work cannot be expected to be well done, and the consequence is the poor suffer.

SOME RECENT MATRIMONIAL INCIDENTS.

THERE appears to be a growing tendency to marry in haste and repent with leisure. We laugh sometimes at the formal and protracted engagements of our German neighbours and of our ancestors. Such a thing as an engagement lasting over forty years, and resulting at last in marriage, used to be heard of, but would hardly suit modern notions. There can be little doubt that the facilities of the Divorce Court have something to do with the hasty marriages made. It is notoriously so in America, where people are divorced one day and married the next. When a divorce was out of the question, except by a special Act of Parliament, it was the luxury of the rich alone; the middle classes, when they married, knew that one thing alone could part them—Death. Marriage thus became a serious matter. Now, however, there is considerable uncertainty as to the length of the marriage tie. Still, it is a serious matter enough, and, as we have already ventured to hint, not so seriously considered as it should be.

Of course, it is absurd to suppose that marriage should not take place until a young couple love each other in the Byronic style. We strongly suspect that there are very few real love matches in the novelist's or poet's sense. But granted that two young people like and respect each other, it is strange, as Anthony Trollope remarks, if they do not love each other after marriage. There should, however, be something in common. Many a youth, his brain heated with the sparkling gooseberry, and his eyes enchanted with white muslin and a judicious selection of artificial flowers, falls madly in love with some girl, whom he finds out in ten minutes' conversation to be a perfect fool, or, it may be, positively vicious. We were once getting idiotically spooney on a fair creature with a countenance of angelic innocence, when some careless remark from her gave evidence of a disposition so heartlessly cruel and callous that we should have preferred the society of a downright wicked woman—a Brinvilliers, or a Borgia.

There is no doubt but many a man or woman is rendered utterly miserable for life by a mistake in their choice. We know it by what comes to the surface; we little know the extent of it, or the number of homes where decency hides the misery. There is a good lesson to be drawn from the history of Mr. and Mrs. John Sands. There are equally good lessons to be drawn from real life. In this district there is a way of dissolving unsuitable matches which is very simple, but unfortunately, illegal. A man and his wife tire of each other. Perhaps another man thinks the woman would suit him. The husband disposes of her by auction, with a rope round her neck, as an emblem of servitude. Her lover generally gets her for a shilling or two; and then the party have a drink over it. They have a notion that to give her away would be against the law, but that the mode of procedure adopted renders the transaction perfectly valid.

We must now allude to a matter which deserves all seriousness. Many a wife is made wretched by a drunken husband; but who shall realise he horror of the positions reversed. Our readers must know that this is often the case, although families try hard to conceal the skeleton. For a husband to see a drunken wife, or children a drunken mother, is something too horrible to dwell upon.

We hear of the horror of a living being chained to a dead body. Marriage is sometimes little better. The once loved object becomes an object of loathing. Those who were joined together as one flesh may in time actually hate each other's sight. Then that grim joke about the gallows is not altogether out of place. A workman comes home some night to find that his wife has pawned everything. He will swing for her, he says; and so he does. Another man strangles his wife under circumstances of horrible torture, while the son quietly looks on, and the neighbours listen with indifference to screams which are not unusual. A man tires of a wife who is much older than he; he murders her, and locks himself up with the body that he may deliberately cut it to pieces and scatter it at leisure to the four winds of heaven. Fifteen years after this his conscience forces a confession, and he expiates his crime on the gallows. From the aristocrat who calls upon the Judge Ordinary to rid him of his wife, down to Bill Sykes, who seeks the assistance of death by means of a clog applied with vigour to his wife's head, we learn the same miserable tale. We are far from saying that all the misery comes from hasty or careless marriages, but we are justified in urging caution and reflection ere the inevitable step is taken and the future of the taker irretrievably sealed.

ONE OF THE SCHOOL-BOARD CANDIDATES.

Under this title, an Elector addressed us a letter last week, which concluded with a quotation from a speech by Mr. Fox Turner. It appears that the words quoted were not applied by Mr. Turner to Mr. P. B. Ferguson, but had reference generally to the quarterly meetings of the Chamber of Commerce.

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WAREHOUSEMEN & CLERKS' ORPHAN SCHOOLS,
CHEADLE, HULME,
WILL BE GIVEN IN
St. Ann's Schoolroom, Queen Street, Deansgate,
THIS FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 2, 1870,
Under the Patronage of the President,
SIR JAS. WATTS, KNT.
VOCALISTS:
MISS SUTTON, MR. J. BARTON,
Mr. J. CAVANAH, Mr. HAYWARD, Mr. T. H. MILLS,
And the Members of the Bazaar.
Doors open at Seven, to commence at Half-past.
FRONT SEATS, 2s.; BACK SEATS, 1s.
TICKETS may be had at the BAZAAR, Police Street

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.
15s. 6d.
To
£15. 15s.
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PRICE LIST FREE.
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BY MORE THAN
Thirty Years' Experience
And Numerous Testimonials,
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AND MOST
Effectual Dentifrice extant.
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FOR
CLEANSING BEAUTIFYING
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The Trade Mark and Signature
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NEW LITHOGRAPHIC WRITING INK,

Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle; requires NO PREPARED PAPER.

THIS Ink is introduced to Merchants, Solicitors, Stock Brokers, Architects, and all who require **Circulars, Prices Current, Market Reports, Bills of Quantities,** or any kind of Notice expeditiously printed. Hitherto Lithographic Writing has required prepared Paper and Ink, which is difficult to manipulate, except by the experienced Lithographic Draughtsman; now, however, **the re-writing is entirely dispensed with,** for the copy written with this Ink, **on ordinary Writing Paper, in your own Office,** being sent to us, can be forthwith transferred to the Stone, and the required copies supplied as quickly as they can be printed.

It must be manifest that the use of this Ink removes considerable impediments to the quickly getting out of Prices Current, &c., as **no time is lost,** as heretofore, in writing on the prepared paper before printing.

This Ink is in use in numerous Establishments, and we have the pleasure of printing the following testimonials:—

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Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37 Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly,

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithograph Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be and we prefer it specially, as being being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression, than that in use with the transfer paper.—Yours faithfully,

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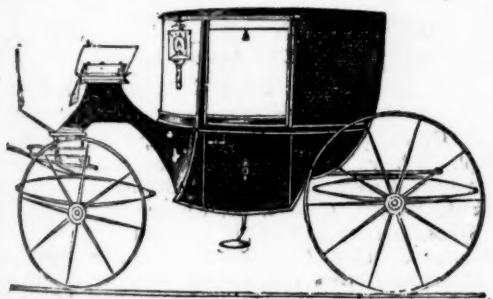

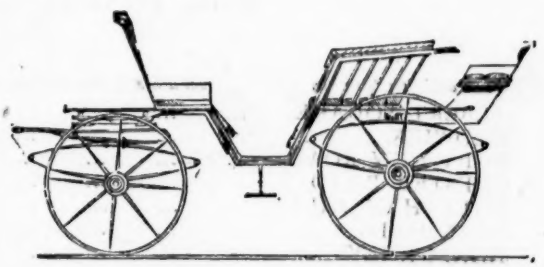

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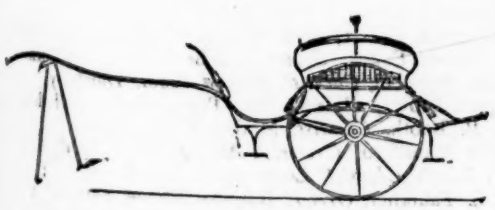

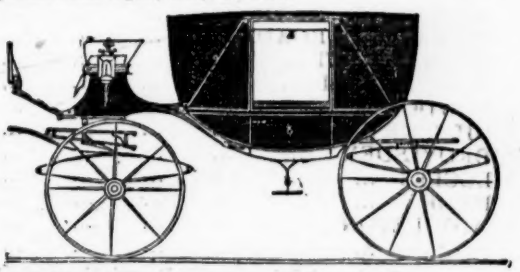

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Noiseless in Movement. Easy in Management.

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Are admirably adapted for the cure of diseases incidental to females. At various periods of life women are subject to complaints which require a peculiar medicine, and it is now an indisputable fact that there is none so suitable as Holloway's Pills. They are invaluable to females of all ages, young or old, married or single. They purify the blood, regulate the secretions, correct all impeded functions, give tone to the stomach, and clear the complexion. The first approach of disordered action should be met with appropriate doses of these Pills: whilst taking them no restriction need be placed upon the patient. They contain nothing which can possibly prove injurious to the system, and not only purify the blood but regulate the whole system.

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SAUSAGE AND MASHED POTATOES

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GRAND AFTERNOON BILLIARD

ENTERTAINMENT,

Under the Patronage of

The Earl and Countess of WILTON,

The Earl and Countess of ELLESMERE,

Sir HUMPHREY & Lady ANNETTE DE TRAFFORD

Colonel SHUTE and OFFICERS of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and

Colonel BALL and OFFICERS of the 8th (King's Own) Regiment,

has been arranged by Messrs. Orme & Sons, to take place in the

TOWN HALL, KING STREET,

on Wednesday, December 7, between

Mr. J. ROBERTS, Jun., Champion, & Mr. W. COOK, ex-Champion.

There will also be

AN EVENING MATCH.

On the following day Two Similar Matches will be played between

Mr. BENNETT,

of London, and the Winner of the previous day.

Arrangements will be made for the presence of ladies at the matches similar to those at the last matches in the Free-trade Hall.

Plans can be seen, and places secured, on and after the 16th instant, at Messrs. ORME & SONS', billiard table makers, 7, St. Ann-street.

SHOW ROOMS for PRESENTS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

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MUSICAL ALBUMS,

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PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

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CHESS, DRAFTS, CARDS,

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AUNT SALLY, SQUAILS,

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